

Against all the Walls

Whether it be the televised "heart construction" programs, where love-stricken enthusiasts watch as their emotions are built and dismantled, or the walls erected by dictators to separate the intimacy between two nations, no barriers should ever be placed between two individuals or nations teeming with humanity. It is as if this world were engaged in a real-time matchmaking program.

I think of the walls that divided Berlin into East and West... As there were people being separated, was the one causing the division not also a person in their own right? What is the true reason behind the immense respect humanity pays to these concrete monsters?

We know well that not every individual can coexist harmoniously with one another, for each person harbors a unique fragment within the recesses of their mind. Some grow up with thoughts of guns and conflict, singing military marches, resulting in their brains resonating with contradictions and the sound of "bang, bang." Others, guided by logic and knowledge, are pawns within the family but aspire to be kings among people. Thus, divisions and "walls" have come to exist for reasons such as these.

The respect bestowed upon those crushed and stripped of their humanity within the confines of these walls and the respect given to the "architects" who built these "walls" are not one and the same; the latter is the most ruthless. This concrete devours every living being it encounters, discarding their pieces and everything left in their hands as mere waste.

People, on the other hand, before succumbing to death and oppression, strive to give meaning to their lives and challenge this very system, like slaying a monster or even painting it!

Within the angular hide-and-seek of Berlin's walls, there are all sorts of inscriptions. From writings spewing hatred toward the architects, as if coughing out disdain, to the fearful who have long realized they stand on the edge of an abyss. Of course, once a person truly believes in something, nothing can be done to stop them, and those walls crumble one by one.

The famous monster of Berlin itself has been brought to this state by the very hands that touch people, as if two lovers spending their last night together, dismantling and passing through this clumsy and defeated monster. When the perimeter of this wall becomes crooked and uneven, new constructions emerge, but these constructions are not made of bricks or clay. No, they are alive. They are not feeble, easily shattered by a light rain, but robust. They grow and grow, becoming enormous. Just as they grow, they dismantle various columns, break the architects. With their hands, they individually revolt against all authority and order, giving birth to anarchy!

Now is the time for the monsters to be silent, the time for anarchy to emerge. It doesn't take long for the monsters to strengthen themselves, to become colossal. They are born in China, they are born in Romania. Their fears are visible even among the stars, from the vastness of space.

The Earth seems entangled, covered in places where fear and anxiety once reigned supreme. Walls—or monsters—have another close companion: windows. Like the walls, they conduct, but they do not feed on fear and human suffering. They exhibit clear and pure sentiments...

Every two hours, I gaze through the window. Sometimes, I ponder the state of weariness and disillusionment etched on the faces of random passersby, contemplating the indecision that resides within them. It is a known fact that windows are gentler and more delicate than walls, but they display emotions far more vividly. Walls convey what is drawn upon them, while windows reveal happenings in front of them—fleeing humans like migrating birds, lives moving at high speed...

Walls are coarse yet silent, never revealing the cause of each agony. Windows, on the other hand, resemble the materials from which they are made and processed; they are nothing more than sand deep down. Windows are gentle yet vocal, and if the sounds were merely the rustle of the wind, how far would those individuals, who dismantle these walls and bear burdened backs, fly into the void, to the emptiness of this unbearable, barrier-like world?

The answer is yet to be known and solved, but we all have the courage to dismantle these structions, each with a different view and way.

Walls must fear us!